

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, February 27, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

WHETHER it was on account of having been interrupted, or through the vanity of displaying before Barclay, I cannot say, but Mrs. George Pawlet gave him plenty of time to recover from his confusion, by turning round to the Abbe Dupont, the moment our hero entered, and saying,

"Allons, Monsieur l'Abbe. De capo."

To which he replying,

"Volontiers, Madame"—

they all began again, and Barclay was left for a quarter of an hour longer with his hands before him, looking about in a very sheepish but inquisitive way.

He had now a fair opportunity to reconnoitre, and he did not neglect it. The first person of the four that attracted his notice was the Abbe, who, it seemed had a *passee par tout*. His knowledge of music was a sufficient introduction for him to the good graces of Mrs. George. He sat with a violincello between his legs, thrumming away close to a grand piano forte, at which Mrs. George presided, whom Barclay instantly recognized to be the whimsical looking, little, thin lady he had seen at Oxford; and by her side, playing on the flute, stood the identical overgrown, clumsy youth, who had accompanied her thither with Penelope. The fourth person who completed this amiable quartetto, was a young lady, his sister, who played on the harp. I would willingly describe

her, but I fear I can never do her justice. She was somewhat more than four foot in height, a foot and a half of which were devoted to her face, and of that six inches for her chin, and six for her forehead.—"Of her physiognomy," to use the words of Barclay's mistress, "you can have no idea, as there is nothing in your mind to which you can compare it, and without comparison we can have no ideas." Of her countenance I can merely say, that it was that of a satyr, and of her form, after mentioning her height, I have only to observe, that she was *as crooked as the rib from whence she spring*; and so far a type of her mind, which was satirical, envious and perverse. She seemed, indeed, to verify in herself what the *Talmud* says of the whole sex.

From the manner of the players, Barclay could easily perceive, that the Abbe had, in telling the news of the village, informed them of his arrival, and of their meeting the night before. Mrs. George, and her son, master Stephen, eyed him whenever they came to a rest. The Abbe, whose face was directed towards him, had once or twice, when he caught his eye, grinned graciously, and honoured him with a gentle inclination of his head. But Miss Phillis, who sat with the harp between her knees, and stretched out her long thin arms to embrace it, looking in that attitude for all the world like a father-long-legs, in particular, kept her large eyes goggling on him with evident delight.

At length the piece was finished, and Barclay rising, approached Mrs. George, and begged pardon for having disturbed what he called "her excellent and delicious harmony."

At this compliment she smiled, and requesting he would resume his seat, asked him, instead of the cause of his visit,

which seemed to be the most natural question, "whether he played on any instrument?"

"No, madam," replied Barclay, "I am unfortunate enough not to have had any opportunity of learning;—but still no man enjoys more than I do what the poet terms,

The mazy running soul of melody.

THOMPSON.

"A great pity that indeed!" cried she; "how education is neglected in this country, monsieur l'Abbe?"

"Etonnant!" ejaculated the Abbe.

"Well, thank heaven," continued she, "my children will not be able to complain of me on that account."

"Non madame,—jamais, never!" cried the abbe; then turning round to master Stephen and his sister, he said, "See dere vat it is to have de cood moder!"

Though Barclay's mind revolted at the servile flattery of the Abbe, yet seeing she was so well pleased with it, that not to acquiesce would be to insult, he adopted the most conciliating mode.

A short silence now ensued, that is, a short silence of tongues, but not of sound, for during the time Mrs. George was conversing with Barclay, she kept her fingers continually on the piano, running up and down the keys with great velocity, and to herself with much apparent satisfaction. Our hero took advantage of the cessation of speech, and said, "But it is time, madam, that I should inform you of the cause of my intrusion. I have a letter from my friend, Mr. Von Hein, which I wish to deliver to Mr. George Pawlet, your husband, I believe."

"Yes, yes," she replied, "you are right—he is my husband, but a heavy man, no soul for music, sir! One of those men who

who ought not to be on earth, and will never go to heaven."

Barclay looked at her with surprise.

"You seem astonished, sir," continued she, "at what I assert, therefore I'll explain myself. You know that Shakspeare says, 'that he who has not music in his soul is fit for murders, &c.' of course, then he ought not to be on earth; next, as we are well assured that in heaven there reigns the most perfect harmony, and that all the inhabitants join in perpetual songs, it of consequence follows, that as he cannot sing a single note, he will never go thither."

Here Monsieur l'Abbe, Mrs. George, and her hopeful children, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, the abbe exclaiming,

"Bon, bon!" He, no sing, and he will never go didder."

Though shocked at their unbecoming levity, Barclay could not help smiling at the manner in which the parson's wife and Mrs. George Pawlet had contrived to exclude their husband's from heaven, because the one did not understand Hebrew, and the other could not sing.

During this loud laugh at Mr. George Pawlet's expence, he opened the door. Barclay immediately knew him to be the stranger he had travelled with in the stage, and rose from his seat, so did the abbé, but the rest took no notice of him. While still holding the door in his hand, he saw Barclay, and made a motion to signify that he should follow him, which he instantly did, bowing respectfully as he withdrew.

C H A P. XXVI.

Mr. Pawlet opens his family affairs to Barclay.—The origin of his misfortunes.—A perfect man and wife.—The merchant's dislike to music well accounted for in an epigram.—He thinks of two things he never thought of before.—Consolatory advice.—Religion.—its beauties.—The Trinity.—Observations on it.

"I AM glad to see you sir," said Mr. Pawlet, as he led Barclay through the hall into the garden; "I take it kind of you to come so soon. I was just going to visit you. I suppose you described me to my brother, and he told you that I lived here."

"No, sir," replied Barclay, "this meeting is owing to a different cause, which this letter will explain."

Here he presented him with his friend's recommendatory epistle, which Mr. Pawlet took and perused. When he had finished it, he offered our hero his hand, and giving him a friendly shake, he said,

"You are welcome, Mr. Temple: I'll do what ever I can to serve you. I was

prepossessed in your favour before, but now you come so strongly recommended, I hope we shall be friends."

Barclay bowed, and replied, "That he was highly sensible of his goodness."

"I wanted a friend!" said Mr. Pawlet.

"That," rejoined Barclay, "is no uncommon case."

"True," continued he, "but I am miserably at a loss for one in whom to confide. I am, sir, a stranger in my own family. No one loves, no one cares for me,—I have no comfort; all abandon me!"

As he uttered these words in a tremulous tone, Barclay perceived the agitation of his feelings from the distortion of his lips; but his eyes were free from tears.

"You affect me sir," said our hero, "and I know not what to say to relieve you."

"Alas," he replied, "there is no relief for me. It is now too late to think of any. I am an unhappy man, and so I must remain."

We are but too fond of dwelling upon our sorrows, and pouring them into the ear of every one we meet. Mr. Pawlet could not withhold his from Barclay. His misfortunes, like many other men's, originated in a woman. His marriage with Mrs. Pawlet was the cause of all his present complaint. While employed in his commercial concerns, he had occasion to go to Florence on some urgent business. He was then about thirty. During the arrangement of his affairs, he indulged, like all other foreigners, in the amusements and gaities of the place. Here he met with his wife. She was an English woman, and had married a man of fortune in England, where they had two children, when her husband falling ill, and being advised to go to Italy, they left their children behind them, and set off for the sake of his recovery. After consuming some years in different parts, her husband died, leaving her only a small provision; but provided very amply for the two children. She had imbibed all the manners of Italy, and with the assistance of the best masters, had made herself a great proficient in the practical part of music, with some little smattering of the theory. When Mr. Pawlet first saw her she was a widow, full of spirit, mirth, and good humour. Her execution on the piano enchanted him; and her voice, like that of the Syrens, enticed him into the gulph of matrimony.

No people were ever better calculated to be what is emphatically, and pointedly, called *man and wife*;—They were alike in no two things on earth. She was a little

thin woman, with all the airs of a foreigner: he was, on the contrary, a man of the true *Bull-breed*; about five feet three in height, his head large and round, his face flat, a protuberant belly, thick, but well-formed, legs and thighs, broad shoulders and of a solid but not very sensible countenance. She was entirely for music and expence; so was he when he was in love, at Florence; but in England he was for tranquillity and frugality. Indeed he was parsimonious to a fault. He knew what it was to work hard for his money; and his affection therefore for it was as great as his antipathy to music, which constantly put him in mind of Florence. As he was so partial to gold, perhaps his dislike to music might be traced to another cause. I remember an epigram, written in Latin by a modern epigrammatist, the substance of which I shall just put into verse, and then leave the reader to judge.

EPIGRAM.

A miser, who had oft been told
Of all the wonders music did of old,
Would never suffer music near
The chest that held what most his heart felt dear.
"For if," said he, "with logic good,
It made the dancing trees to quit the wood,
Who knows, when they begin to play,
My chest and guineas may not hop away?"

However, as it should be in all families (that is, if "whatever is, is right"), the wife soon gained the ascendant, and managed the house according to her inclination. The children she claimed as her own property. He was not permitted to have any will in their education.

"She educated them," said he, "in her own way, and according, to her own model. They are now, the boy two-and twenty, and the girl one year older. They have been taught nothing but dancing, a smattering of French, and music without end. If they read any thing it is foolish novels." (Than which the reader knows nothing can be so silly.) "They are independent of me," continued he, "and treat me, consequently, not only without affection and kindness, but with neglect, and often with ridicule. My wife supports them in every thing; and I am not master in my own house. To oblige her I quitted business, and took this place. I did it for peace and quiet; but I have found none. I am now tormented by outward and inward plagues. Solitude and want of employment have brought me to think of myself, and religion; two things that never before entered my mind. Finding no pleasure in this world, I have gradually begun to ponder on another, which till now I never

thought of. These have filled me with *en-
nui*, hope, fear, doubt, and distraction."

Barclay having heard his complaint, and entreated him to view his situation in life on its bright side; and not to drive himself to despair, by continually keeping his eye fixed on that which was dark and discouraging. Every station in this world," said he, "has its inconveniencies, and yours is comparatively enviable, very enviable! What you complain of in your family is trifling, when set by the side of that which afflicts many virtuous and well-deserving families. All your lamentation is occasioned by too much solitude; which is neither good for the happiness of life, nor the well-being of religion. You dwell on things of no moment until you swell them into importance, and founding your complaint on the conjuration of your brain, believe you are miserable and unhappy."

"There may be truth in what you say," replied Mr. Pawlet, "as it respects my worldly concerns; but I do not see how solitude can be inconsistent with religion."

"I do not say that it is," rejoined Barclay, "when used with moderation; but I say that too much solitude is dangerous to it; for it often misleads men, and makes them gloomy and discontented: than which nothing can be further from the intention of religion. It is her glorious province to lead mankind in the right path, and to make their hearts cheerful and content. Our religion does not force us into melancholy solitude, but bids us enjoy life; and, what is more, furnishes us with the means of enjoying it to the greatest advantage,—with a peaceful conscience! Without which pleasure, is not pleasure, nor joy, joy. Read, sir, the New Testament, and follow its dictates. If you do not believe it will make you happy in the world to come, at least believe, what never can be doubted, that it will make you happy here below. Independent of its divine origin, it is the pure stamp of what every good man would desire to be, and being so, is surely the true example for every man to pursue who wishes to obtain a state of peace and happiness."

"I have," said Mr. Pawlet, his countenance brightening as he spoke, "I have but one thing further to be removed, which I dare say you will do with as much facility as you have used in removing, in a great degree, my other doubts, and difficulties. I find some trouble in reconciling the Trinity to my understanding. How is this?"

"Sir," Barclay replied, "not only in religion, but in all his works the Almighty has left many things above the comprehen-

sion of man. In every grain of sand, it has been said, there are ten thousand more questions than the wisest philosopher that ever lived could solve; still men know sufficiently about it to serve all the concerns of life. So in our religion, it is enough for us to know that we are expected to believe in the Trinity, without entirely comprehending it. We might as well doubt that the grain of sand exists, which we are told contains so many things that are hidden from our knowledge, as that the Trinity exists as we are taught, because we do not perfectly understand that in it which God, as in the grain of sand, has thought fit to conceal from us. The stupid peasant would perhaps doubt that any such effects could be produced, as men of science can produce from chemical processes, or mechanics; but are they the less so, because the peasant's ignorance and obstinacy will not allow him to believe in them? A native of Jamaica having never seen a fall of snow, may doubt that there is any such thing; but does his stubborn infidelity annihilate its existence? Man is a finite being, and cannot comprehend things that are infinite; but that such things are, is still as sure as if he did. In a word, without impiously searching into the inscrutable ways of providence, which is as it were striving to *leap beyond his shadow*, man knows enough for the comfort and convenience of his sublunary condition; and if he is wise, for his everlasting happiness!"

At this instant a servant appeared to inform them that the Rev. Mr. Pawlet and Penelope were waiting for Barclay to return home. They rose. The merchant pressing Barclay gratefully by the hand, said, that what he had told him that day should rest on his mind, and be the subject of his continual contemplation. "If ever I enjoy happiness," he exclaimed, "I shall owe it all to you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Characters.

NO. V.

A MUSICIAN

Is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so is he the lord of the wooden one:—he has an hundred strings to his bow:—other people are bow-legged; but he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow, he has no skill in archery. He plays with *cat-gut* and *kit-fiddle*. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him, did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can

distinguish sounds, as other men distinguish colours. His companions are Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air open-mouthed, with as much eagerness as some fools have sought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent because far-fetched. His most admired domestics are Soprano, Siciliano, Andantino, and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him; and, as a dog shakes a pig, so does he shake a note, *by the ear*, and never lets it go till he makes it squeak. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more ears than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, till he is put to the shift, and is obliged to get out of a scrape—by scraping.—His viol has the effect of a *Scotch fiddle*, for it irritates its hearers, and puts them to the *itch*. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen, so does he wear away the string of his fiddle. There is no medium in him—he is either in a flat or sharp key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and major thirds—proves a turncoat, and is often in the majority and minority in the course of a few minutes—He runs over the flat as often as a race-horse;—both meet the same fate, as they terminate in a *cadence*;—the difference is, one is driven by the *whip-hand*, the other by the *bow-arm*; one deals in stakkado, the other in staccato. As a thorough-bred hound discovers, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an experienced musician feels the compositions of Handel or Corelli.

TIMOTHY CATCUT.

Perhaps there is nothing in which people err so egregiously, as in the manner of carrying on conversation. In those who value themselves on superior talents and information, there is often an *eagerness* to be attended to, that defeats their purpose of being either instructive or agreeable. To bear an *equal* part in conversation, without hurting the *self-love* of others, to allow that *reciprocity* of discourse that gives to every one an opportunity of being heard, and which is the great charm of society, is the effect of *that something* we have agreed to call good breeding. And to be really well-bred, requires good sense, which enables us to enter into the characters and sentiments of others.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN answer to your correspondents, *Ten Love* and O*****, I would say, that the motive alone constitutes the criminality or innocence of an action. Taking this as an axiom (and it is certainly an incontrovertible one) the playing at BILLIARDS, going to balls, plays, &c. is either good, harmless, or sinful, according to the motives with which they are done. The doing any of these things, "merely to spend an idle hour" is wrong, because idleness is sinful. No person, let his station in life be what it will, ought to have an idle hour: we are sent into this world to perform uses, and our whole life ought to be a life of usefulness. If it is not, it is the contrary, useless, and consequently sinful. If these things are done for amusement, they may be right; for amusements are necessary by way of relaxation to the human mind, after having been employed on matters of moment; but if amusement be made the chief business of life, then it is sinful; we ought therefore, before we perform a single act, to consider minutely the motive, though the consequences must not be neglected, as an act performed from a good motive, may be productive of evil, which should always be avoided.

Variety in our occupations is absolutely necessary to the health of the mind; on this ground I must object to O*****'s assertion, that "it is well known a child can pursue but one object at a time with avidity and profit," if by time he means in the course of the same day or week; for I assert, that a child will pursue ten different objects in the course of as many hours, with more avidity and profit, than if he is confined to one or two. The pursuits of children must be varied, and they must have a great deal of amusement to relax their tender minds from the severer duties of study.

Of amusements I know of none more useful than plays, when those conducive to morality are represented. But it is much to be lamented, that, owing either to the managers of Theatres, or the degeneracy of public taste, immoral plays are too often introduced. Dancing may be allowed, consistent with innocence and mental improvement, if only a small portion of time is allotted to it; but I think with O*****, that it occupies too much of the attention of young people in general.

But as for music, I am clearly of opinion, that every person who expects to become an inhabitant of heaven, ought to

learn music; as we are credibly informed in the word of God, that it forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven, and surely they who are well acquainted with music here, will have the advantage of those who have it to learn when they arrive there. Music, if undertaken in a regular and systematic manner, may be learned with advantage to those studies which qualify young ladies to become good wives, good mothers, &c. and young men good citizens. Music is very useful in softening the temper, and preventing many vices which young people are apt to run into. One hour's attention every day for one year, will enable any person of a moderate capacity to play very agreeably on almost any musical instrument: This time may be taken from the hours devoted to relaxation; as the study being so pleasing, it will be felt and will operate as such.

One word more to *Ten Love* and I have done:—He says, "he must be a very weak mortal, who has not command of himself to refrain from that which he knows to be a crime." I say we are all such weak mortals, if we trust in our own strength to resist temptation; the safest way is to keep aloof from it.

J. I. H.

ANECDOTE

OF

COLLEY CIBBER'S DAUGHTER.

COLLEY CIBBER the elder had a daughter, named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read: she was at this time a widow.

Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets.

The night preceding, a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the Muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch-string), which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gen-

der. A perfect model for the Copper Captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*. She with a torpid voice, and hungry smile, desired us to walk in.

The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delph plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it.

To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving.

On the hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at the author's feet, on the founce of her dingy petticoat reclined the dog, almost a skeleton! He raised his shagged head and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends."

The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humble and desolate; a mingled effort of superiority and pleasure—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched on the top of her chair, not an uncommon ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows; the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they serving as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board, with three hobbling supports, was brought for our convenience, on which, without further ceremony, we contrived to sit down, and entered upon business.—The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid hand-maiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck, with an eye of anxious expectation!—the bookseller offered five!—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism, and the state of authorcraft. He seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance, the wary baberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety, and run one half the risk, which was agreed to.

Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureat and patentee of Drury Lane, who was born in affluence, and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet, unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"Laying it over with vermillion, and with paint, colouring it with red."

THESE words of the Preacher may justly be applied to the fine ladies of the present day; who, not contented with the complexions bestowed on them by nature, call in the assistance of art; paints and perfumes, are lavished to hide the ravages of dissipation, or to restore to the aged coquette the blooming graces of fifteen.

In the early ages of the world, before the refinements of luxury were introduced, the princes and rulers of the earth tended their own flocks; their wives and daughters were not ashamed to draw water at the well's mouth, and carry it to the cattle for them to drink. Would a prince now stoop to such servile employments?

When first the citizens of Rome, extending their conquests to the remotest regions, discovered the island of Britain, the inhabitants were painted, not only on their faces, but over their whole bodies; yet so far were they from thinking it an ornament, that it was done with the express view of terrifying their enemies. The aborigines of America in like manner painted themselves; but it was with the same intention as the Saxon warriors. How would one of those hardy sons of nature have smiled at seeing the face of a modern lady or gentleman, painted with vermillion, to heighten their beauty?

How strange is the progress of what mankind term improvement, but what with more propriety, might be called the perversion of nature. By the fashionable and polite circles night is turned into day; whilst the whole animal creation are enjoying in peace the blessings bestowed by

"Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,

many people crowd together, and spend the night in shuffling and dealing cards. And what adequate advantage do they obtain for the loss of their health, which is dissipated in those nocturnal employments? perhaps a little gold, and certainly a great deal of anxiety: they watch the turning up of the cards with as much interest as if the fate of nations depended on their success. The natural and unavoidable result is a faded complexion, debilitated frame, and premature old age. The infatuated victim continues the same round of folly; and to conceal its effects, has recourse to painting and cosmetics, and thinks to hide their withered cheeks under a fashionable coat of rouge;—thus they continue until the poisonous particles contained in the paint, joined to the baneful effects of dissipation, accelerate their journey to the grave.

O! you who are in danger of being irrecoverably lost, fly from the city; if you wish your emaciated figures to assume the plumpness and roseate hue of health, seek the pure atmosphere of the country: There, by a strict and unvarying temperance, you may possibly retrieve your shattered constitutions, and be restored to vigour both of body and mind.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

WINTER TRAITS.

AN EXTRACT.

"INTENSE, severe, and cold, the frost sets in, and deeply penetrates the porous earth. . . .

"The adventurous skaters, poised on sharp-edged steels, wave in graceful circles o'er the transparent plain, despising mean pursuits, and all the flimsy pastimes of the timorous fops.

"The timorous horseman chafes the fretted steed, that pants and foams along the slippery road; trembling and stepping o'er the treacherous ice, like mincing lass that dreads the impending fall.

"The breathing footman skips o'er the rugged path, pitying, and jeering as he heedless bounds, the miserable plight of a sighing, shivering, downcast, stumbling traveller, who, mounted on his frightened hackney, feels the horrors of approaching fate.

"The rugged roads and paths are smoothed by frequent passage. The winter nymphs, more lovely than the summer dryades, disdain the help of fire, and seek for health and warmth in the adventurous walk. At first, they shivering, creep along the plain, pale and half-starved with

fear and nipping air, till soon the accelerated blood rushes impetuous through the veins, painting with crimson die their polished cheeks, and sending the heart-felt rapture to the admiring swains.

"Gay and delightful is this happy season that gives to human kind the elastic powers, and shames the summer months with joys more firm and stable." . . . But "all things pass away, and changes ever wait upon the sons of men, in this their variegated state of joys and griefs, of plagues and comforts, and all the mingled happiness and misery that alternate take their course—Stern Boreas ushers from the north, a settled gloom, that, spreading far and wide, at once o'ershades the lively, sprightly, blithsome scene of seeming never-fading lustre; and the world is instantaneously involved in deep, surrounding, dark and dreary melancholy.

"A pause of expectation and dismay brings on at last the whirling fleecy tribes of congealed and flaky waters, white and flimsy as the down on the swan, but cold and chilling as the disdainful shafts that pierce the rueful lover when his mistress frowns.

"All comfortless the traveller appears a frightful spectre; while the clinging snow infolds his body, and waves in one continued transverse flux of varied, broad, and thickening concourse; loading and lighting the saddened earth with a deep and dazzling substance.

"The fierce and cutting north wind rises, and drives before it hosts of pelting snows, that fret the embarrassed journeyer in his way, and falling, raise against the obstructing hills huge heaps in figures curious and romantic: or passing furious o'er the nodding heights, are snatched in eddies down the retiring vales, and stop, with vast collected drifts, the course of commerce and the adventurous traveller.

"The world being thus involved in deep and vivid horror, and all the wide extensive plains being one continued glare of painful, chilling white, no transports rise but from the crackling fire, and never-failing, hospitable board. The warm and sparkling hearth, the winter tale, the humming spirit, and the sprightly dance, make Boreas join in chorus at our doors, a welcome guest thus fenced from farther mischief. He roars in vain, no entrance will be given, save when he rudely shocks the shuddering sinner that venturous dares the opening of that portal.

"In this sharp cutting time how hard the fate of poverty and want. No comforts

spring to fence against the harsh severity of cold, nor any joys to meliorate the season. The dreary cottage seems a wretched hut, where breathes, in agonizing pains the worthiest of our race. The useful members of this wicked world seem shrunk beneath the chilling blast, unpitied and despaired.

"So fares this harsh and cruel season, and such the general exploits which mark the manners of this nipping time; and while the chilling blasts rage o'er the barren earth, a gleam of comfort warms the teeming mind in contemplation of the coming spring.

"The north wind ceases; a milder breeze impels the softening vapours, which, from the south, pervade the flinty earth. The dripping icicles soon lose their keen support; the melting snows increase the river's tide; the ice grows rotten, melts, and dies away; the world, unlocked, resumes her wonted form, and the drizzly, dropping, splashy, sluggish times, renew their varied course, till spring returning, cheers the drooping land. . . ."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Essays on Music.

NUMBER I.

PURSUANT to my plan, as suggested in the introduction, I here commence my intended series of Essays, with a general view of the nature and effects of Music. Particular views and disquisitions, the reader will find in their appropriate places, in the sequel, according as the subject will unfold itself to his attention.

It may be proper to premise, that Music has, by some writers, been considered as an art, and by others as a science, merely because, perhaps, they have taken but a partial survey of it. I shall, however, consider it as both a science and an art;—a science, because it can be learned;—an art, because it can be practised: And as the nature of the subject will oblige me frequently to bring into review the same or similar ideas, I hope the candid and liberal will indulge me in the use of same or similar language.

Music, as an art, is extensive, copious and exceedingly complicated: As a science, it comprehends, in a degree, almost every other science.

Music, Painting and Poetry, are considered as sister arts; but Music may, with propriety, be called the sister of all arts and sciences.

Music is a language; it speaks to the feelings of the heart, what words can only speak to the understanding. Her melodies and harmonies combined, and duly performed, comprehend and surpass all the powers of rhetoric.

The poet, in all his sublimest strains, is embellished, invigorated and impressed with energy and strength, by the skill of the musician.

The painter is also limited and bounded. In his light and shade, he is exceeded by the loud and soft, which may be called the light and shade of music: in his background, by the deep and sonorous bass; in his picture or design, by the melody or subject; and in his decorations, by the inner parts, which complete and fill the harmony: These, when blended and united by the skilful musician, far exceed all the beauties and elegancies of painting.

The time of the mensuration of the melodies, and the combinations of the harmonies, exceed all the calculations of the mathematician.

All nature produceth sound, all solid bodies, and all fluids, either by action or repulsion, and echo and re-echo the praises of the Creator; and the utmost stretch of human philosophy can never fathom the depths of the nature of Music.

The architect is surpassed in his designs, arrangements and proportions, by the modulations of the melodies and harmonies, in their designs and proportions, when judiciously arranged by the skilful musician.

And lastly, with Theology, Music, unites and goes on hand in hand thro' time, and will continue eternally to embellish, illustrate, enforce, impress and fix in the attentive mind, the grand important truths of Christianity.

PYTHAGORICUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*Go, wondrous Creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun.*

Pope.

TO all who have ever reflected on the affections of the heart, very little argument is necessary to prove, that it is much easier to find fault, and tender unnecessary reproof to others, than attend to the eradication of errors at home. He who wastes his midnight lamp, in railing at the trifling vicissitudes of human life: instead of correcting the foibles of his own character me-

rits the fate of the Critic in the fable, and ought to receive chaff for his pains.—A Correspondent under the signature of O*****, in the Repository of the 20th inst, appears extremely dissatisfied with the education, manners, and fashionable propensities of the present race; his invectives however are principally directed towards the female sex, and he bewails with canting regret, that parents "do not train up their children in the way they should go; but that their time is spent in learning to be musicians, dancers, attending the play-houses, and other trivial amusements."—Is this sage observer of life so stern a Timon, that pleasure never dissipates the care-worn wrinkles of his brow? Is he of so stoical a temperament that joy never illuminates the apathy of his countenance? Or is he some "grim-visaged" bachelor, whose soul is tortured by prejudice, and disappointment, that he inveighs not only against the amusements in general, but even insinuates that the proper sources of "honour, industry, honesty, probity, benevolence," &c. are dried up. It is lamentable that this Timolien should have lived in these degenerate days; better would it have been for his wishes had nature ordained him a competitor of Solon or Lycurgus, or Zoroaster, more suited to his laudable gravity, and profound ideas of human conduct. But I am afraid contentment would have avoided him even in that situation; for dancing, music, plays, and even games, were allowed notwithstanding the austerity of law-givers, and simple ideas of the people. But how has this battle-like critic's penetration deduced, that "honour, probity, honesty, benevolence, and industry," are supplanted; because the balls, the theatre, and the concerts are attended?—Can there be no dancing without sacrificing honour and probity? Cannot honesty and benevolence receive their required solicitude altho' the theatre is visited? Cannot industry remain unimpaired admitting that a knowledge of music is acquired? Sophistry, armed at all points, is obliged to admit these conclusions.—Besides, is it possible that human nature can continue ever studious? The mind requires rest from intense application, equally, if not more so, than the body. Variety and innocent pleasures often give a spring to dormant inclinations. Time on hands without any amusement to cheer the gloomy moments of despondency, is apt to be applied to purposes of dishonour, and disgrace.—Hence the necessity of relaxation.

But O***** (the reader may exclaim oh! emphatically) asks, "who would pre-

fer a woman for her dancing and music, to one of a well-informed and sentimental mind, and a discreet house-wife."—If the acquirement of one or both, was subversive of knowledge, then indeed the study would be disadvantageous, but as the contrary is the effect, this is a *negative position* of my opponent. Yet this acute Tyro, of unbending authority, wishes, I presume, that our young women should soar in the regions of philosophy with Herschell or Jefferson; debate in the forum with Bayard or Morris; or be like Messrs. Dacier and Chatelet, converse fluently in the languages of the ancients, and hold literary disputes with Boileau and Voltaire—This will hardly be the case, I fear, even when O***** accumulates liberality enough to atone for wanton and unfounded attachments of consequences to subjects productive only of rational amusements, pleasurable sensation, and the improvement of health. Inclination will not suffer a further exposure at present of all the numerous *negative positions* of O*****, and I leave his somniferous subjects, for the more extatic delight of hearing a Concerto on the violin.

FRANK LIBERAL.

The Dessert.

SONNET XX.

THE FAREWELL.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu! Remember me.

SHAKESPEARE.

To their Worships the FAULT-FINDERS,
commonly called CRITICS.

YE MOMUSES, a tender-hearted crew,
Tho' of hag-visages, of ghastly scowls,
And night-eyes emulating bats and owls,—
Here, *Twenty Sonnets* I devote to you.

'Twere shame, that merit such as your's
should starve;
And starve it must, without such wights
as I:

Therefore, tho' poor I give to poverty—
Come, then, *sans ceremonie*, cut and carve.

Nay, thank me not—Pity the boon be-
stows,

As Hunger, if not fed, will gnaw e'en
stones—

All I request is, that you pick my bones,
Gorge your gaunt maws, then—growl you
to repose.

And now, ye gentle, tender-hearted crew,
I bid Farewell to Sonnets, and to You.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 27, 1802.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY *first* revers'd you oft have seen adorn,
The face of nature in a vernal morn,
With all the colours of the rainbow's rays,
And splendours that surpass the diamond's
blaze;

My *second*, which deriv'd its abject birth,
From the torn bowels of the wounded
earth,

Serves as a guard to watch the miser's ore,
The cloister'd virgin, and the tyrant's store:
My *whole* denotes what has the power to
bless,

And give both sexes life's true happiness;
While their glad bosoms glow with joys di-
vine,

And round their heads unfading honours
shine.

Marriages.

Happy the pair whom love and reason join,
Where Virtue sanctifies the bond divine:
To them a paradise on earth is giv'n;
And when from Time they go, they rest in HEAV'N.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....On the 18th inst. by the
Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Isaac Adleman, to
Miss Maria Thompson.

Deaths.

Each hour DEATH warns us by an awful call;
Each hour our fellow-mortals round us fall:
FATHER OF LIGHTS! Oh guide and guard our way,
Thro' life and death, to HEAV'N's eternal day.

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 17th inst.
Mr. John Lynn, in the 84th year of his age.
He was a native of this city, and son of Mr.
Joseph Lynn, one of the first shipwrights that
arrived here with the proprietary....On the
24th inst. Mrs. Hannah Alberti, consort
of Dr. George F. Alberti....Same day,
Mr. William Clifton, an ancient and re-
spectable inhabitant of the District of
Southwark.

.....At Lancaster Borough, on the
13th inst. James Alexander, sergeant-at-
arms for the Senate of this state.

.....At Annapolis, (Maryland) on
the 8th inst. Mrs. Eleanor Harris, consort
of Thomas Harris, Esq. of that city.

.....At Port Republican, on the
13th of November last, of a bilious fever,
Capt. James Smith, late of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication referred to by our correspondent
Lindor, either did not come to hand, or has been mis-
laid, otherwise it would certainly have been noti-
ced.

"*Bachelor's Hall*," from *Clio*, is acceptable.

The answer to Mr. N. Major's question, and "*Stanzas
written on the evening of Monday last*," will appear
next week.

"*The Author*,"—"Verses on the Snow-Bird," and sun-
dry other articles are also received.

Several Poetical effusions, that have been already no-
ticed remain due; no unnecessary delay of their pub-
lication will take place.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO HOPE.

But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

CAMPBELL.

CHEERFULL enliv'n'er of the lonely hour,
"Primeval Hope!" thy influence impart,
A healing cordial to my wounded heart;
And lead me trembling to thy sacred bow'r.

How oft when fever's rack'd my weary head,
Did'st thou support my fainting spirits up;
And pouring comfort from thy balmy cup,
My wand'ring thoughts to heav'n's high por-
tal led.

Oh! bear me gently on thy gilded wings,
From this vain world of sorrow, pain and
care;

To where, sweet joy and bliss, my soul
will share;
And pleasure's never ceasing fountain springs.

There shall contentment ever placid reign,
And piety unfading honours gain.

EUGENIO.

ROW 008

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LINES

ON THE WINTER OF 1793.

STERN Winter rules—pass'd are those scenes
which please;

A gloomy sullen sadness reigns around,
The hollow wind roars thro' the leafless tree's
And trackless snow o'erspreads the frozen
ground.

The birds no more their varied notes combine,
But cheerless chirp, and hop from stem to
stem:

Nor dread the finny tribe the angler's line,
The frozen surface, proves a shield to them.

Sad is the scene, save where, with rapid flight,
The skater steers his deviating way;
Save where the crusted snow that dims the
sight,

Affords a passage to the tingling sleigh.

Bleak blows the wind, where, on th' unshelter'd waste,
The brute, unpitied, joyless meets the storm;
While man at ease, is cover'd from the blast—
For him e'en winter wears a pleasing form.

What tho' without sad desolation scowls,
And strikes with dull monotony the eye;
What tho' the welkin frowns, the tempest howls,
With cheerful home, he may the storm defy.

There all around the faggots' glad'ning blaze,
Age tells with glee the oft repeated tale;
While active youth its Christmas tricks displays,
And joy and merriment alone prevail.

Bless'd is their lot, unruffled and serene!—
From them I turn, and turn with ling'ring eyes,
To where the ocean, with enraged main,
Lifts its huge billows, to the angry skies!

Where near the Cape,* which constant tempests beat,
And, giant-like, seems two fierce foes to brave,
The two vast seas, with dreadful fury meet,
While dire destruction rides on ev'ry wave.

How great the dangers of the awful deep!
Like some fierce tyrant, reverend with age,
It now reclines in a deceitful sleep,
To wake and foam with but redoubled rage.

Intrepid, bold, the seaman meets the storm.
Which murmur'ing comes, and threatens
from the skies;

The sea so calm, assumes an angry form,
While fast before the gale the vessel flies.

Stern winter lends its most terrific blast,
That drives with furious haste the black-
ning clouds;

The foaming billows rise above the mast,
And the hoarse tempest roars amid the shrouds.

Increasing still, no more they keep their course,
The jarring elements all art confound,
And with tremendous and impetuous force,
Rush o'er the deck, and spread destruction round.

Sad is the scene,—despair frowns 'mid the wreck;
Hopeless, benumb'd, worn out, they strive
in vain,—

Death on a tow'ring wave breaks on the deck,
And hurls them to the bottom of the main.

Black sullen winter! monarch of the storm!
At thy cold touch all nature shrinks aghast,
Thy icy footsteps all her scenes deform,
Thy garb the blackest clouds, thy voice the
loudest blast.

From the broad deep, I once more turn my eyes
T'where winter scowls with less disfigur'd
mien,

To view the earth that in his fetters lies,
And mark his influence o'er the sylvan scene.

All nature mourns,—no more industrious toil
Reaps her rich harvest; with a smiling hand
No more the ploughshare furrows up her soil,
Nor verdant scenes smile beauteous o'er the
land.

* Cape Horn.

Within yon hut that stands upon the waste,
Where through the thatch, the storm has
forc'd its way.

There the cold hand of penury is trac'd,
And winter reigns in all its dreaded sway:
The labourer's hands no more the store sup-
ply;

Hard is the season, pitiful their gain,
While their lov'd children ask, with hollow
eye,

* For bread to eat,—but ask alas! in vain.

The fireless hearth, the floor all damp & cold,
In ev'ry object want and sadness speak;
Poor tatter'd rags their shiv'ring form unfold,
And sorrow weeps upon the wasted cheek.

Afflictive scene! oh may the muse prevail,
For them the tears of pity to secure,—
Ye sons of wealth, oh listen to their tale,
Nor scorn the sorrows of the suffering poor.

Let not the charms of fortune steel your
breast,

Nor think that for yourselves alone you
live;

Shall man behold his fellow-man distress'd,
Nor yet with feeling heart assistance give?

Must balls and plays your constant care en-
gage?

Can they alone your roving fancy please?
Will their remembrance cheer declining age,
And sweetly smooth the pillow of disease?

The wealth that you expend on tawdry dress,
On spurious joys, amid the crowded room,
The cheerless hut of wretchedness would
bless,

And save perhaps a victim from the tomb.

Oh pause!—let gen'rous pity rule your heart;
With tender feeling view the poor man's
woes;

With willing hand the lib'ral boon impart,
And taste the joys benevolence bestows.

CLIO.

* This picture is not imaginary; the author of these
lines has found more than one or two families without
bread to eat, even in this mild winter.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

Alarm'd, Maria flew to raise
Her sister's feeble frame,
And by her tender care at last
Her wand'ring senses came.

Oh blessed hour! Maria cried,
Once more my Ann to see;
Praise be to HEAV'N that thou'rt restor'd
To thy lov'd friends and me!

Oh cheering sounds, Ann faintly said,
So long to me unknown—

But does my sister love me still,
And call me still her own?

And does my honour'd father too,
In me a daughter see,
Will he forgive my varied faults,
Wash'd out by misery?

Forbear these thoughts, Maria cried,
We long have mourn'd thy fate;
But say, my Ann, what cruel cares,
Have brought thee to this state?—

Alas! thou know'st against his will
I left my father's home,
With Henry, husband of my heart,
On hostile plains to roam:

There long he fought his coun try's foes,
Until one dreadful day,
A fatal stroke pierc'd thro' his heart,
And snatch'd my all away.

Ah dreadful hour! what were the pangs
With which my heart was torn—
Ah who can paint my wretched lot!
Sad, destitute, forlorn.

Yon lovely babe was left, alas!
Its mother's griefs to know;
With me to tread unfriendly climes,
To trace the path of woe.

For many a long and ling'ring day
My journey sad I press'd,
While famine star'd me in the face,
And grief a constant guest.

At length, thro' many a danger past,
I gain'd my native shore,
And sought my aged father's home
Forgiveness to implore.

But quite exhausted with my cares,
Deploring my sad lot,
I sought to shield me from the blast
In this deserted cot.

My lov'd Maria knows the rest,
And blessed be that Pow'r,
That led her to this wretched hut
In this despairing hour.

Maria heard the mournful tale,
With sympathy sincere,
While pity glitt'ring in her eye,
And shed the sacred tear.

Ah my lov'd Ann, she sweetly said,
How great have been thy woes,
And trust me, that my heart, unchang'd,
With pure affection glows.

But let us leave this cheerless hut,
A father's heart rejoice,—
For soon, my Anna, shalt thou hear,
A parent's pard'ning voice.

Her words like heavenly balm descend,
And cheer'd the mourner's soul;
While Hope, the comfort of the griev'd,
Spread round its blest controul.

And soon they left the wretched cot
Their father's house to find,
While Anna on Maria's arm
Her feeble frame reclin'd.

And now arriv'd, her heart was sad,
And heav'd a long drawn sigh;
She long'd, and yet she fear'd to meet
A slighted parent's eye.

But soon each anxious doubt and fear,
From her cheer'd soul depart;—
Forgiveness smil'd upon his face,
And joy play'd round his heart.

With kindest words he soothes her soul,
And ev'ry aid bestows;
While all her errors were forgot,
Amid her various woes.

Bless'd with a father's love, her heart
Felt grateful and resign'd,
And tho' her Henry caus'd a pang,
Yet peace possess'd her mind.

CLIO.